I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

Prince What ſtandſt thou idle heere? lend mee thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreueng'd, I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke *Gregorie* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prince. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prince Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Falſ. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will ſacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prince What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the Bottell at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *ſir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. John Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſtie make vp,
Leſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will do ſo; my L. of *Weſtmerland*, leade him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prince Leade me my Lord, I doe not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The

The prince of *Wales* from ſuch
Where ſtainde Nobilitie lies tro
And Rebels Armes triumph in
Iohn We breathe too long, c
Our duty this way lies: For Go
Prin. By God, thou haſt de
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſu
Before I lou'd thee as a brother
But now I doe reſpect thee as m
King I ſaw him hold Lord *P*
With luſtier maintenance then
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warrier.
Prin. O, this Boy lends metta
Dowg. Another King, they g
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all th
That weare thoſe colours on th
That counterfeitſt the perſon
Ki. The King himſelfe, wh
So many of his ſhadowes thou
And not the very King: I haue
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo
I will aſſay thee, and defend thy
Dowg. I feare thou art anoth
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt th
But mine I am ſure thou art, wh
And thus I winne thee,
They fight, the King being in
Prince. Hold vp thy head vi
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*
It is the Prince of *Wales* that th
Who neuer promiſeth, but he
They fight, D
Cheerely my Lord, how fares
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuc
And ſo hath *Cliſton*: Ile to *Cli*
King. Stay, and breathe a w

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